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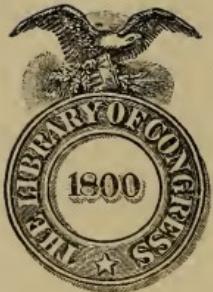
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The
Old
Trail
and
the
New

[A Tale of the
Kittatinnies]

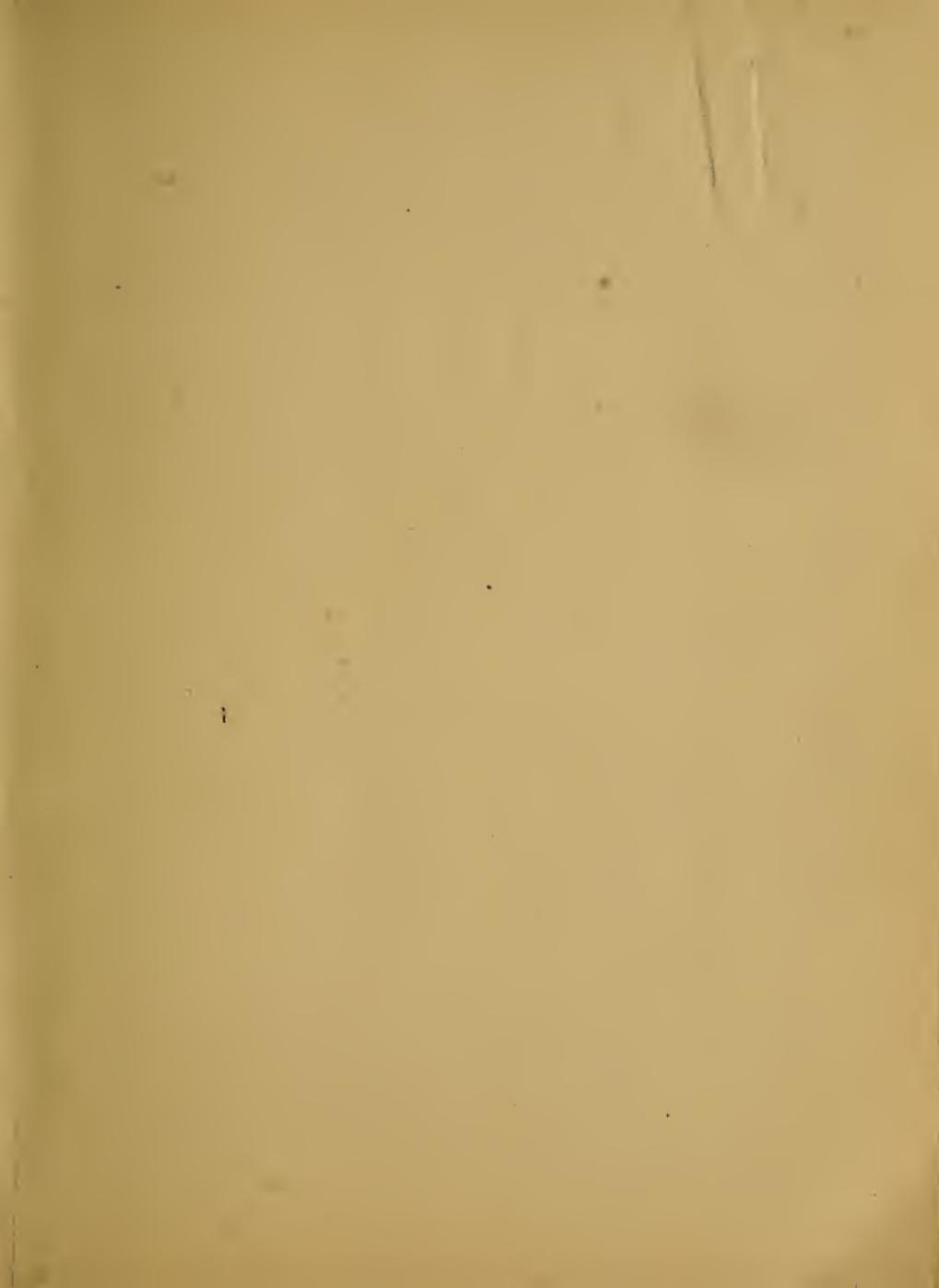


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*“To catch dame Fortune’s golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev’ry wile
That’s justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.”*

— Robert Burns.

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The Old Trail and the New



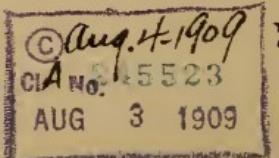
Capt. R. H. PRATT--1879

A Tale of the Kittatinnies

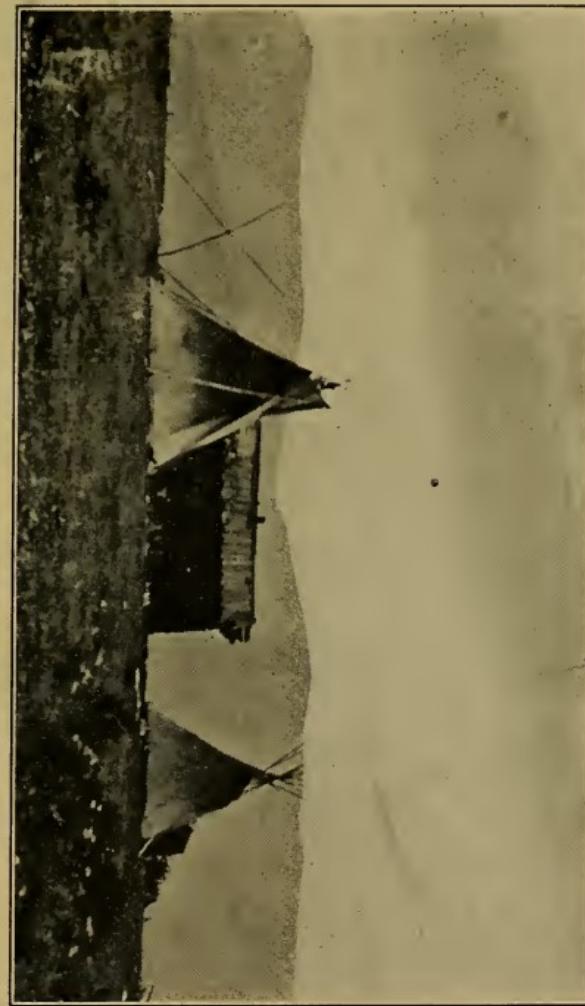
By

A. M. GHER

TO
JOSEPH BOSLER, ESQ.,
OF CARLISLE, PA.,
One of the early Pioneers of
the Missouri Valley, this vol-
ume is respectfully dedicated
by the author.

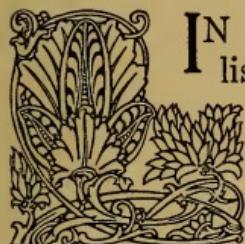


INDIAN WIGWAMS.
"It is the home the white man gave her." —P. I.





INTRODUCTION



IN COLONIAL DAYS, Carlisle was a frontier military post and figured prominently in the warfare against the Indians. When the Indian wars were ended and the government adopted a more generous policy, the Carlisle Barracks became a School for Indians and the chief exponent of the peace doctrine.

“The peaceful Kittatinny” is a historical fact. In the early Indian wars, few Cumberland County residents were massacred; in Colonial and Revolutionary days, no battle was fought upon her soil, and the High tide of Rebellion was rolled back at Antietam and Gettysburg. Yet her brave sons were always foremost in home and national defence.

The conquest of the Sioux in 1876, the surrender of Chief Joseph in 1877 and the

The Old Trail and the New

rout of Chief Dull-Knife's Northern Cheyennes in 1878, marked the end of the old and the beginning of the new era in Indian affairs. The government established the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., in 1879. Indian fighters such as Gen. Howard, Gen. Harney and Captain Pratt, were opposed to the slaughter of Indians and protested against such barbarous policy. Their protests were finally heeded by the government.

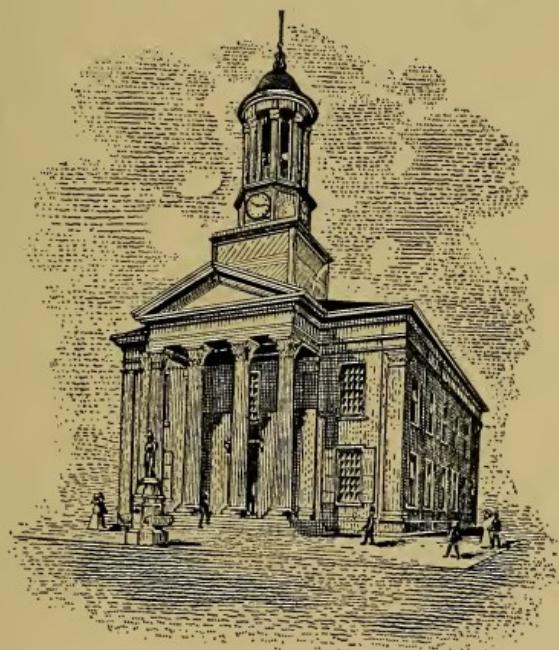
In this narrative the author has endeavored to deal with facts which have become an important part of the history of Carlisle.

THE AUTHOR.

Carlisle, Pa.,

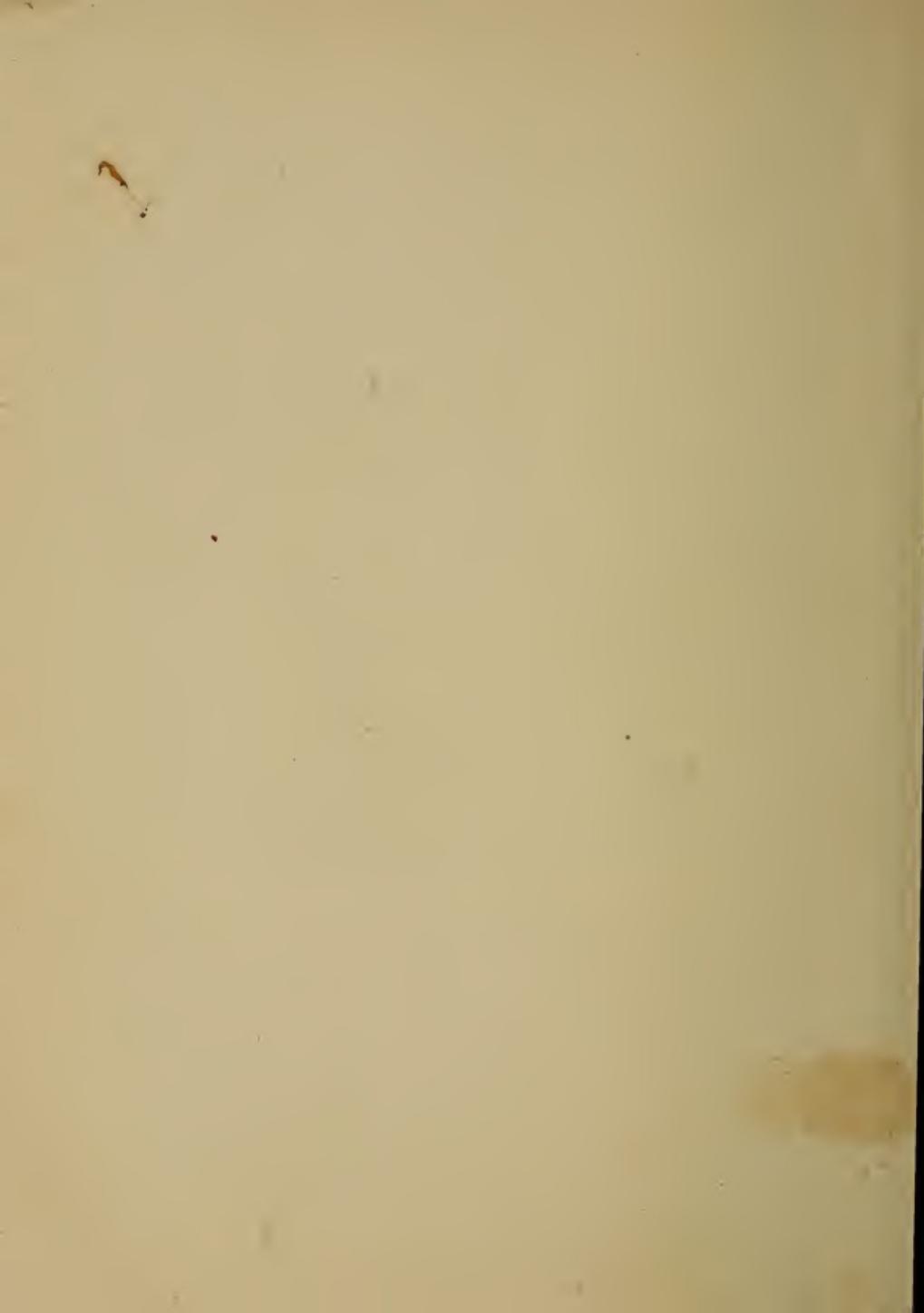
April 26, 1909.

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COURT HOUSE, CARLISLE, PA.

"They lit there a little watch-fire."—P. 24.



THE EXILES

IN THE LAND of the Nez Percez,¹
In a vale among the Rockies,
Far beyond the pale of cities,
Where the echoes of the war-whoop
Lingered 'round the Indian war-dance,
In a home without a father,
Without mother, sister, brother,
In the home the White-man gave her,
Dwelt the little maid "Winona,"
Dwelt the little "First-born daughter."

Little joy life brought the maiden
In the home of Mariano,
Little else than toil and watching
For the coming of her loved ones,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Lost and wandering where she knew not—
Some within the land of shadows,
One upon the Southern prairies,
Slain in war, or captive taken
To the Southern Reservation.

The Old Trail and the New

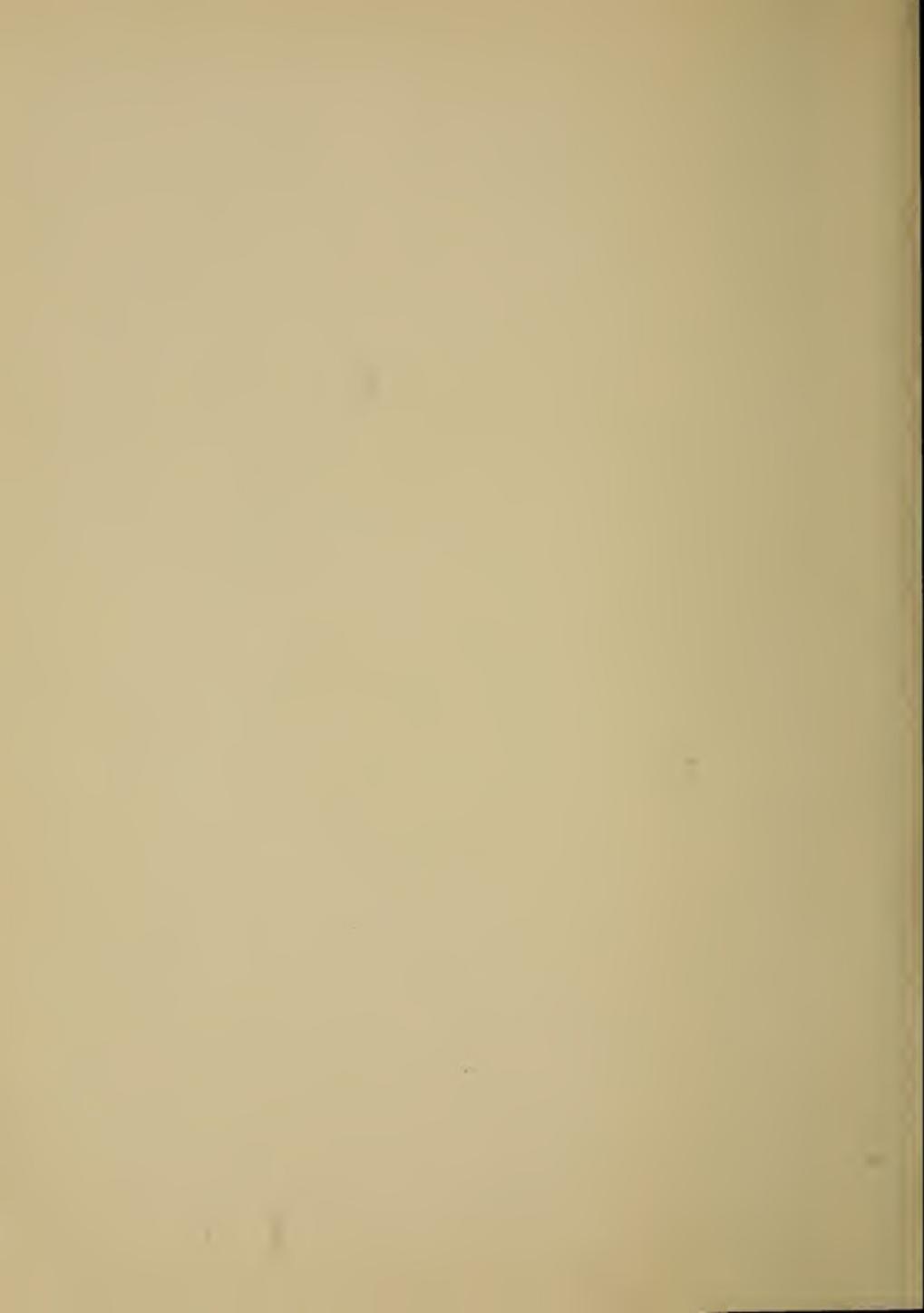
In the fleecy clouds at twilight,
She could see those faces beaming;
In the winds which swept the Mountains,
She could hear her loved ones sighing;
In the roar of distant thunder,
She could hear her father calling,
Calling back the lost Nez Percez.

When her brother had been taken,
With the fierce Nez Percez Joseph,
To that Southern Reservation,
He had promised as they parted
Just beyond that lonely graveyard,
He would come again and lead her
To a better home and people.
The Great Spirit would watch o'er him,
Guard him in the stranger's wigwam,
Help him on his journey homeward,
Guide his footsteps to Fort Lapwai,
To the little maid who waited.



IN NATIVE GARB.

"Far beyond the pale of cities."—P. 1.



The Old Trail and the New

As the maiden watched at nightfall
For the coming of the captive,
She heard footsteps in the thicket,
But it was a stranger's footstep
And the voice was not Italia's.
He had brought a message to her
From her absent, wandering brother,
Dying in a Southern wigwam,
Dying of a Southern fever.

As the shadows gathered 'round him,
He said "Take the beads I'm wearing,
And go back to old Fort Lapwai;
There you'll find the maid, Winona;
Give to her these beads I'm wearing,
They are her's and she must have them.
As you count them over to her,
Tell her that I asked Doanmoe
To protect the maid Winona,
Lead her far from Mariano,
To a better home and people.

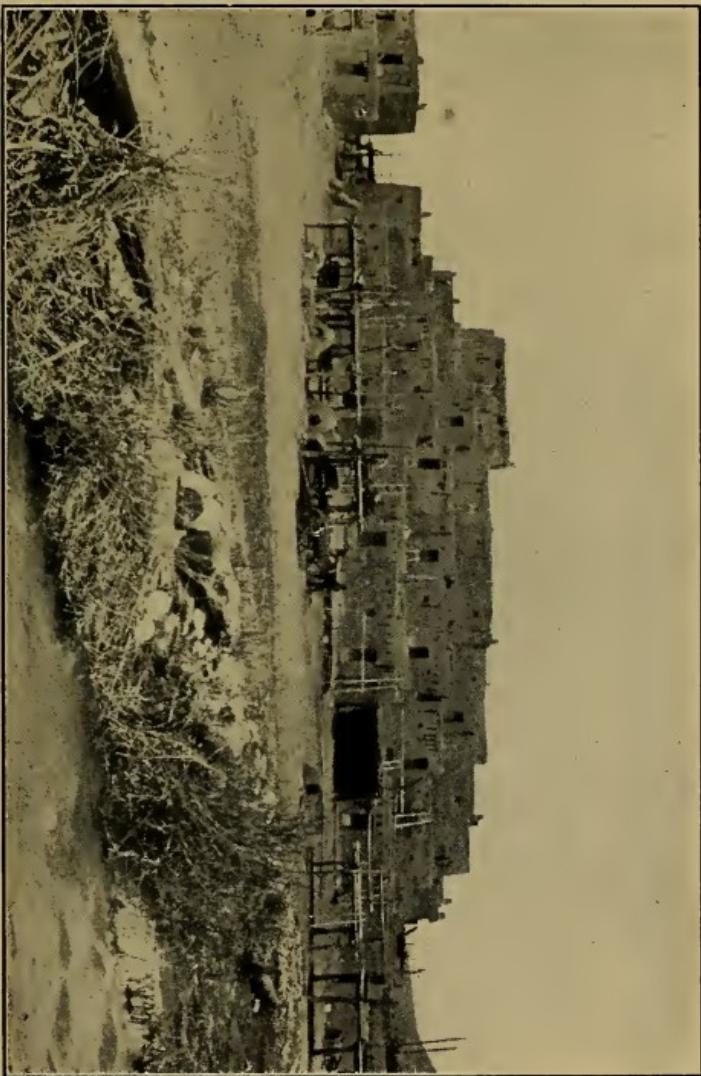
The Old Trail and the New

Tell her that toward the sunrise,
In the Kittatinny Valley,²
She will find a better country.

Tell her that the Spotted Captain³
Sees the wrongs of the Nez Percez,
Calls Chief Joseph from the war-path,
Calls the children from the sage-brush
To a better reservation
Just beyond the Kittatinnies. .

When a maiden's love has fallen,
When a maiden's heart is breaking,
Then there come the gentle whisperings
Of a faith which never falters.

"If," said she; "I leave the wigwam,
The Great Spirit may desert me,
And the White-man's Heavenly Father
May disown the Red-man's daughter.
So I'll take these beads you brought me,
Fling them upward in the starlight:
If they fall toward the wigwam.
Then I dare not leave my master;
If they drift toward the sunrise,



IN THE SOUTHLAND.
"One upon the Southern prairies,"—P. I.



The Old Trail and the New

Then I'll know that I must follow
Where my mother's beads would lead me."

There are moments in a lifetime
When one's fate hangs undecided,
He may turn which way he wishes,
But the winds and waves seem trembling
Lest he turn away from duty,
And all Nature waits the moment
When, in some unspoken language,
It may tell him which is his way;
And the childlike faith which tells us
That the darkest clouds that lower
Will bear light to flash about us
That we may not lose our pathway,
Is the same which still abideth
When we tread the fields and forests
Where there are no beaten pathways;
And, whene'er we grope uncertain,
Then we cast our beads before us,
That some gentle wind may take them,
Drift them whither we should follow.

THE PIONEERS

FAR away and to the Eastward,
Far beyond the peaks and foothills,
Where Missouri widens, deepens
As it circles to the Southward,
Pioneers were pushing Westward.
In the Big Bend of Missouri,
Where its yellow waters circle
'Round a hundred thousand acres,
Stood the Ranger's lonely cabin⁴
And the Trader's humble tepee,⁵
Frontier outposts of advancement.

Pioneers of South Dakota—
Settler from the Kittatinnies
And French trader from St. Louis;
One the son of Eastern fireside,
One the child of Western prairies;
One a bold and sturdy Scotchman,
One a fearless, French-born squaw-man.
Two lone cabins on the frontier,
Small and frail and unprotected,
Lost amid the boundless prairies

The Old Trail and the New

Where privation makes men kindred,
Homes too frail to be molested
And too weak to yield resistance—
These the outposts of advancement,
First lights on the great Missouri.

Then the scout of the Missouri,
Versed in Indian lore and customs,
Called the ranger from his cabin,
Pointed to the bluffs which tower
Far above the river valley,
Where the warlike Northern Cheyennes
Followed trails along the highlands
To the plains of Niobrara.

Some dark deed had been committed,
Some great raid or some fierce battle
Marked the war-path of the savage;
For the wily, skulking Cheyennes,
Creeping o'er those red-stone summits,
Were returning from the war-path
To seek refuge in the desert,
On the sandhills of Nebraska.

The Old Trail and the New

THE CONFLICT

THEN a warrior brought first tidings
Of the Battle of the Big Horn,
Where the 'vengeful Northern
Cheyenne

Swept down on the Yellow-haired Chief,⁶
Told how Rain-Face and his Cheyennes
Closed around the gallant Custer,
And were met with bold defiance
'Till the last man died a hero.

Then the Cheyennes closed that carnage
With the scalping-knife and hatchet,
Wreaking vengeance on the dying
And mock-vengeance on the fallen;
When they found the Yellow-haired Chief,
They struck not that fallen foeman—
'Twas the Warrior's mark of honor
To a champion slain in battle.

You have read how Crook and Terry
Forced the Sioux to quit the war-path;
How the brave Nez Percez Joseph⁷
Gave his hand and gun to Howard;



WAR DANCE.

"Where the echoes of the war-whoop
Lingered 'round the Indian war-dance."—P. 1.



The Old Trail and the New

How Chief-Dull-Knife lost his Cheyennes⁸
On the sands of Niobrara;
Yet no harm befell the cabins
In the Big Bend of Missouri.

Who shall tell of Custer's battle?
Twelve score troopers dashing onward
In the dim, gray mists of morning,
All alone among the mountains,
Hemmed in by the cloud-crowned ridges.
No reserves awaited signal
To rush down and strike the death-blow,
No scout stood on distant summit,
Not a man escaped the slaughter.
All the Paleface arts and learning
Could not write the mournful story
Of the last grand charge by Custer.
Yet, in distant Land of Flowers,⁹
Where Pratt guarded Indian captives,
Cheyenne prisoners brought the tidings
Of the Battle of the Big Horn—

The Old Trail and the New

How the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes
Circled 'round the Yellow-haired Chief,
How he charged and where he halted,
Where the final stand was taken,
Who had led the hostile warriors,
Where each dusky tribe was stationed.
Indian scout had brought a message
From an Indian on the war-path,
Picture-message, rudely written,
Such as Indians can interpret,
But it told the sad, weird story
Of the Yellow-Chief's last battle.

Here had met two mighty races:
One the simple child of Nature,
One the sole heir of the Ages;
One race brave but few in number,
One race like the leaves unnumbered;
Both laid claim to fields and forests,
One race claiming as a birthright,
One race claiming by Divine right.
Who shall judge, and what the verdict?

The Old Trail and the New

Savage deeds of savage natures
Crouching 'mid the rocks and thickets
To wreak vengeance on intruders;
Then came plunder, rapine, murder,
Homes destroyed and loved ones slaughtered
Fields laid waste and lands deserted.
Who will now condone their warfare?

Racial pride and bold aggression
Marked the progress of the White-man,
Claiming all lands as his birthright,
Using wealth and place and power
To displace the warlike nomad,
Drive him to the rocks and sands, where
Broken health and broken spirit
Would remove the hated rival.
Who will now condone such warfare?

The Old Trail and the New

'Twas the conflict of two races,
Strangers they by birth and training,
With no bond of Faith or Fortune
To draw one unto the other;
Centuries passed e'er the Great Spirit
Touched the hearts of warring leaders,
Indian Chiefs and Paleface Captains,
Giving both a clearer vision;
Then they gazed upon their victims—
Lo! each man had slain his brother.



CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX

DRIVEN from their native mountains,
Hunted in Canadian wildness,

Hunted like a famished Jackal
Hiding in his chosen quarry,
Suffering but still defiant,
Were the last Sioux of Dakota.¹⁰

In the City of the Quakers,
All lands joined in paying homage
At the Western Shrine of Freedom,
But deep gloom o'erspread the pageant
And bedimmed the Nation's triumph,
For in wake of that procession
Strode a grim and sullen specter.

Nations gazed and peoples wondered
That a shackled slave should follow
And thus mar triumphal progress,
But a Harney, Pratt and Howard,
Who had placed the nation's fetters

The Old Trail and the New

On the Children of the Forest,
Pointed to that ghostly figure
As the ward of a great nation
By that nation held in bondage.

Then Columbia sent a courier
To recall the fleeing Red-men
From the depths of British forests
To the plains of the Missouri;
Promised to deal kindly with them,
Help them to rebuild their wigwams
On the hills of the Dakotas.

Once again the Red-men hearkened,
Once again the Warriors trusted,
And returned unto the Black Hills
To receive the mess of pottage
Which a victor grants the vanquished,
Came with care-worn wives and children,
Came with ponies slowly dragging
Uncouth freightage of the prairies,
To the Post on the Missouri,
To the ending of the war-path.

The Old Trail and the New

'Twas the darkest trail that ever
Wound o'er mountains, hills and prairies,
'Twas the darkest trail that ever
Marked the conquest of a people—
Meager remnants of a nation,
Of a brave and haughty nation,
Weary of a fruitless warfare,
Willing to accept a kindness
From the hands of the oppressor,
To remove a blotted folio
From the records of the victor.



AMONG THE KITTATINNIES

THEN the scouts of old Fort Benton
Brought word to the Speckled
Captain³

That two wandering young Nez Percez
Had been found among the mountains.
He received the little wanderers,
Led them to the Alleghenies,
To the Kittatinny Valley,
To the forts along the Letort.

Then they climbed the Eastern mountains
Clad with evergreen and chestnut—
No frozen peaks to chill the sunlight,
No barren rocks for eagles' aerie,
No drifting sands, no bitter waters,
No dreary wastes, of sage and cactus—
Cities clinging to the mountains,
Cities all along the rivers,
Saw-mills humming in the forest,
Bellows blowing in the mountains,
Anvils ringing in the valleys,

The Old Trail and the New

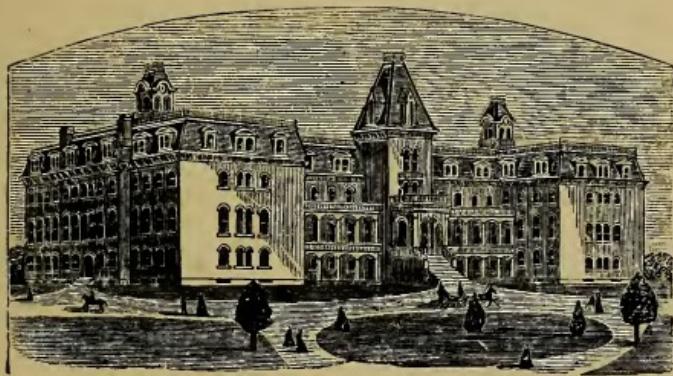
Long those fires had been burning
In the land of Teedyuscung;¹⁰
For the White-man will not, dare not
Let the snows drift o'er his hearthstone:
If the furnace should be darkened
And the anvil cease its ringing,
Then the Spirit which now wanders
Through the Susquehanna Valley
Would desert it for another.

Wood-nymph of the Susquehanna,
She it is who clears the waters
After every summer shower,
Sweetens every lake that glistens
From St. Lawrence to Potomac,
Keeps the mountains clad with verdure
Shields the wild-flower from the north-wind
Calls the robin north in springtime.

The Old Trail and the New

That is why the Kittatinny
Is a lovely, fertile valley
Where the fires have been blazing
And the anvils have been ringing
Through successive generations,
Where the school-house decks the valley,
Where the church-spire crowns the hill-top,
Where an exiled youth and maiden
Find a Christian home and people.





STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, AT SHIPPENSBURG,
as it was in 1879.

"Where the school-house decks the valley."—P. 18.



ALLISON MEMORIAL, M. E. CHURCH,
at Dickinson College.

"Where the church-spire crowns the hill-top." — P. 18.



The Old Trail and the New

ALONG THE SHAWNEE

WHERE the river leaves the mountains,
Just below the Juniata,
There the Kittatinny Valley,
Widening as it circles southward,
Leads the way to the Potomac.

Here the sharply-winding Shawnee¹¹
Brightest of the Eastern waters,
Gathering its crystal current
From the hills and groves and meadows
Of the Kittatinny Valley,
Circles to the Susquehanna.

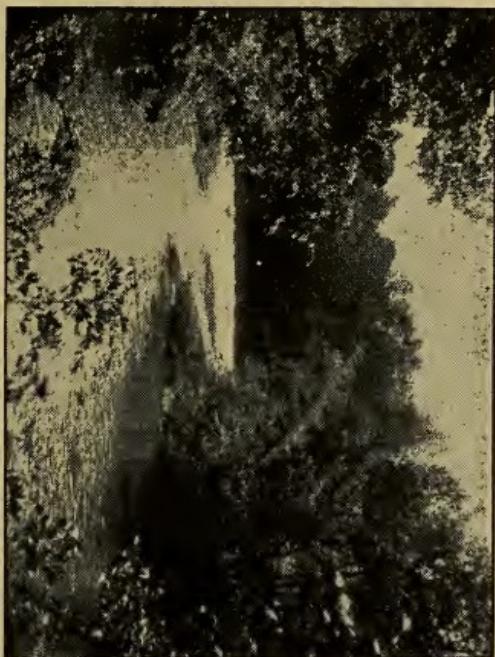
On the banks of this fair river
Was the home of the Suwanese
Who long roamed its wooded hillsides
From the Paxtang to the Letort,
'Till the Paleface felled the oak-trees,
Built a fortress of their timbers.

Where the Shawnee circles northward,
Are the ruins of the forges
And the ruins of the smithy.*

The Old Trail and the New

Where the crystal, winding Shawnee
Laves the base of the South Mountains,
Stands the mighty sandstone boulder,¹³
Deep-worn by the rude stone-hatchets
Of the frightened, fleeing Shawnees
Who have left their native forests
And found homes within the Southland.

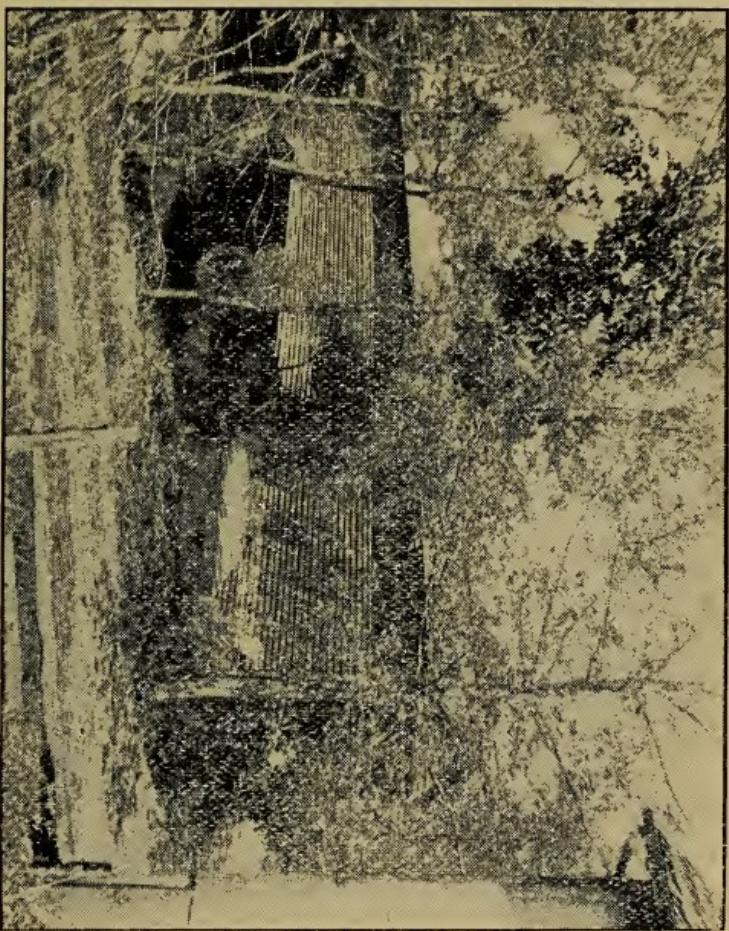
Where the sharply-winding Shawnee
Lingers e'er it joins the river
Are the graves of their forefathers,¹⁴
And its waters move more slowly,
As they pass the Wizard's workshop,
To receive a secret message¹⁵
From the sturdy, old inventor
Who unlocked the mighty secrets
Nature hid from their forefathers
Sleeping on the hill above him.



YELLOW BREECHES CREEK

at old Zinn Oil Mill.

"Brightest of the Eastern Waters."—P. 19.



BRIDGE OVER THE SHAWNEE.

"Are the ruins of the forges
And the ruins of the smithy.—P. 19.

The Old Trail and the New

He, the Wizard of the Shawnee,
Chained the lightning, tamed it, trained it,
Had it bear a message westward
To the plains of the Missouri,
To the Red-men fleeing westward,
To the settlers on the frontier,
That they might renew allegiance
To the land of their forefathers.



ALONG THE NORTHERN TRAIL

JUST beyond the Kittatinies
Is another little valley
Where the Sherman slowly wanders
Through the Tuscarora foothills,
Where the early Scottish settler
Kept a little hearth-fire glowing.

But the Delawares and Mingoes
Burst upon the little homestead,
Slew the lonely widowed mother,
Took her youngest son a captive¹⁶
That he might renounce his kindred
And the faith which still would lead him
Back unto that ruined hearth-stone.

Then the Delawares and Mingoes
Fled across the Tuscaroras,
Took the youthful captive with them¹⁶
To the Indian town Kittanning
Where the hostile horde still revelled,
Taught him how to aim the arrow,
How to hurl the Indian hatchet.

The Old Trail and the New

Broken treaties, wanton slaughter
Called aloud for retribution;
Armstrong left the Letort fortress,
Marched across the Alleghenies,
Slew the savage in his stronghold,
Freed the captive youth and brought him
Back unto his home and people.

Thus does swift, sure vengeance ever
Follow him who wrongs his brother.
E'en the Red-man of the forest,
'Though he cannot read the Bible,
Knows the Law and must obey it;
And whene'er the Indian hatchet
Is flung past the stained lintels¹⁷
Of a Christian's humble threshold,
Then the armies of the Letort
Will lay waste the Indian Village.

FORTS ALONG THE LETORT



N the country of the Shawnees
The lone Frenchman built his
cabin¹⁸

Where the great trail of the Mingoes¹⁹
Crossed the trail to the Potomac;²⁰
Where the fountains gushed and sparkled,
Where the beavers built their houses.

When the Scotchmen, pressing westward,
Reached the west-bank of the Letort,
Saw its crystal waters welling,
Saw the beauty of its sunsets,
They lit there a little watch fire—
Beacon-light within the forest.
Then the settler's ax re-echoed
Through the Kittatinny Valley,
And, 'mid fallen oaks, five cabins
Reared their thatches to the sunlight,
While the palisades of Louther,
Standing four-square on the hill-top,
Bade defiance to the savage.

The Old Trail and the New

Oft the Delawares and Mingoes
Lit their fires upon the mountains,
Danced their war-dance 'round the fortress,
But they never passed the sentries;
And when Bouquet forced surrender
Of all children they held captive,
Here was heard the plaintive folk-song
Which united maid and mother.²²

When the Indian wars had ended
And the palisades had fallen,
And the Calumet was handed
By the Savage sire to children,
Then the Delawares fled westward
To the banks of the Ohio,
Disappeared beyond the mountains,
Left their hunting-grounds forever.

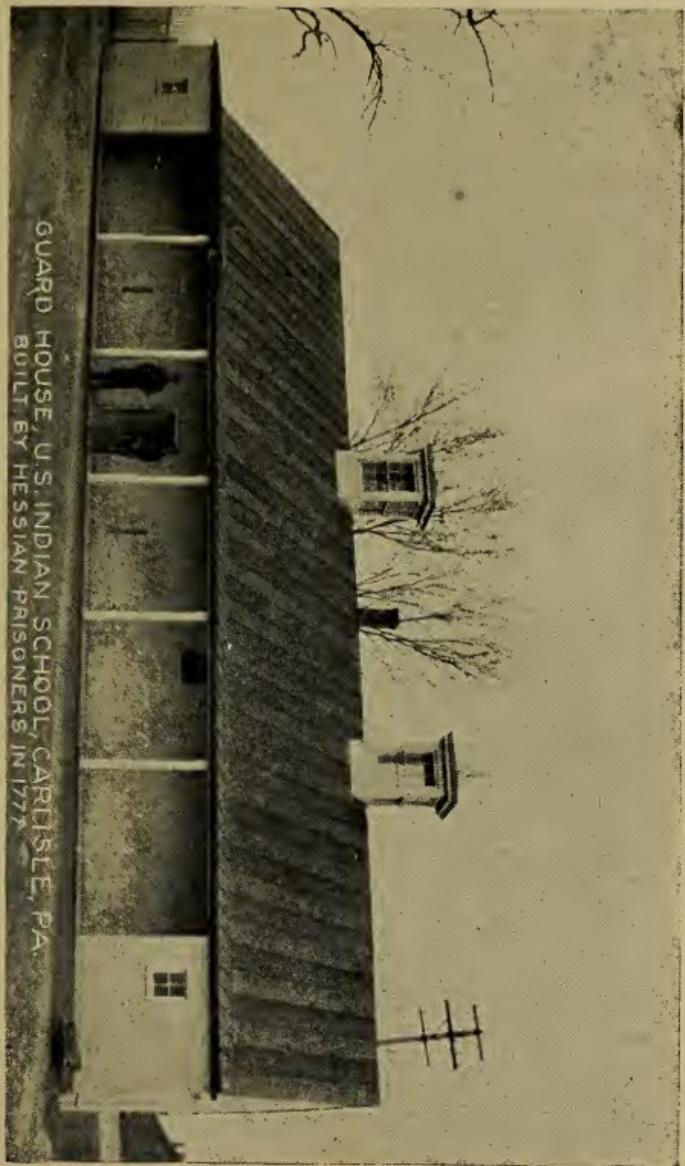
When Columbia's bugles sounded
From Penobscot to Scioto,
And the long reveille summoned
Troops from fireside, field and mountain,

The Old Trail and the New

Then a new fort crowned the Letort—
Hessians from their midnight revel
Came and built the greystone fortress,²³
Built a monument to Freedom.

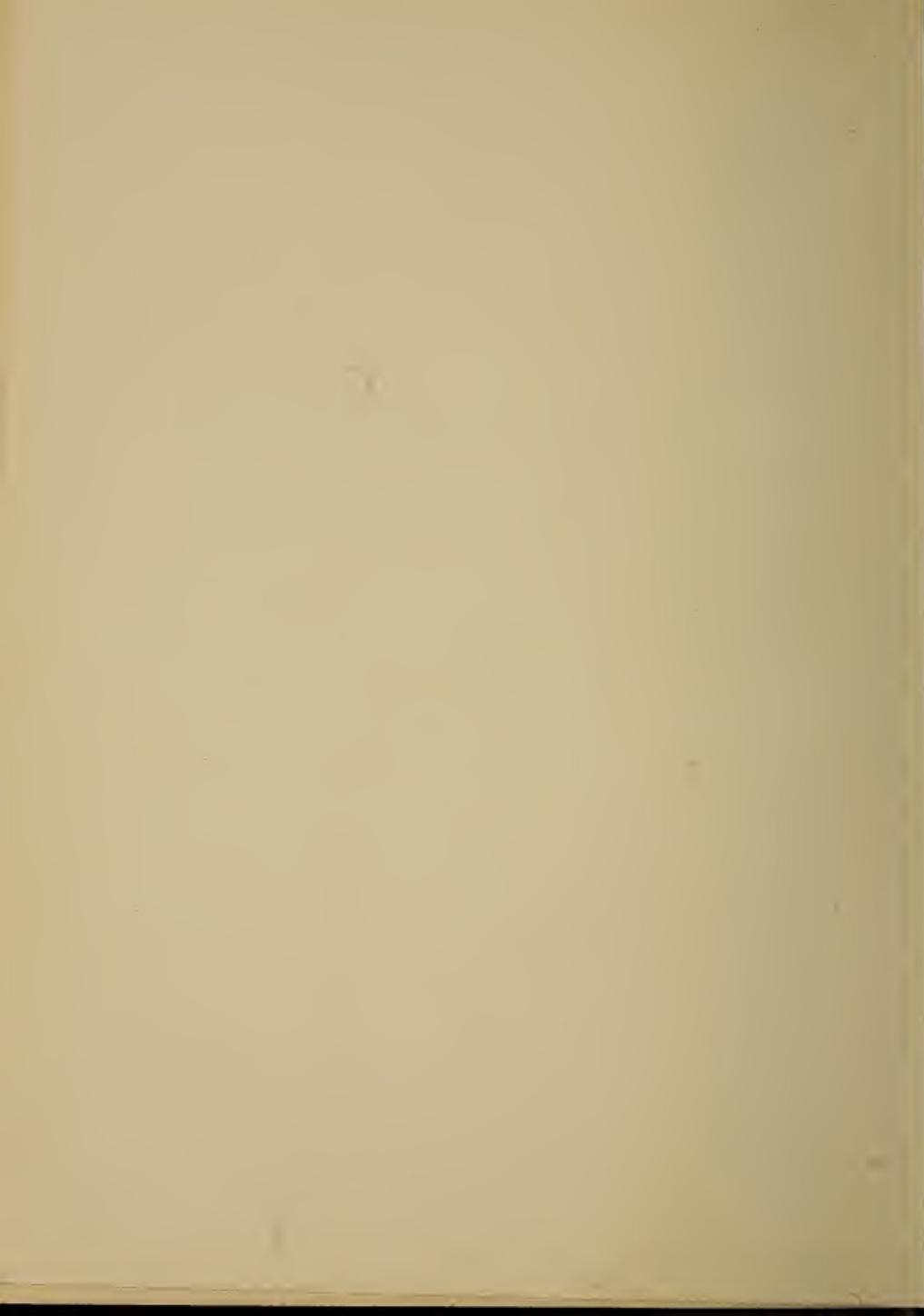
Wars have come and Peace has followed,
And, although those warlike surges
Rolled from Bunker Hill to Yorktown,
Bearing on their crest the tocsin
Sounding Freedom to all Peoples,
E'en its floodtide never darkened
Lights which gleamed along the Letort.

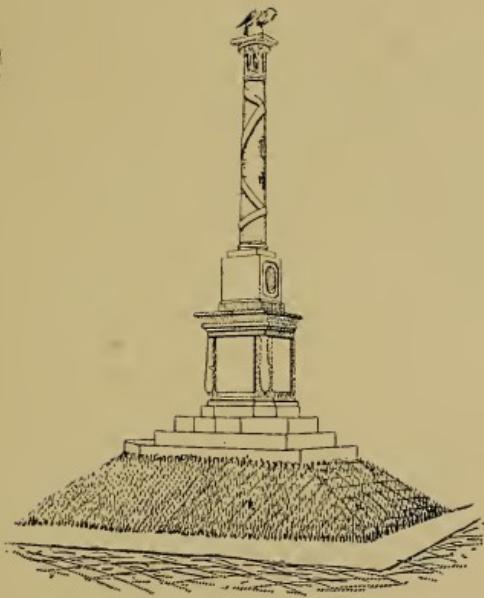
When Lee swept up from the Southland,
When the high-tide of Rebellion
Reached the crest of Little Round Top,
Then the fierce death-struggle followed;
Pickett reeled and Longstreet faltered,
Valor mourned for heroes fallen,
Lee turned back to Appomattox,
There to sheathe his sword forever.



GUARD HOUSE, U.S. INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.
BUILT BY HESSIAN PRISONERS IN 1778

"Came and built the greystone fortress,
Built a monument to Freedom."—P. 26.





SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, CARLISLE, PA.
"Valor mourned for heroes fallen." — P. 26.



The Old Trail and the New

When the last great war was ended
And the signal gun was silent,²⁴
When Chief Joseph had surrendered
And peace reigned among the Rockies,
Then the Father sent the Captain²⁵
To rebuild the Letort fortress
And to call the Red-man's children
From the western plains and mountains,
To a better home and country
In the Valley of the Shawnee.

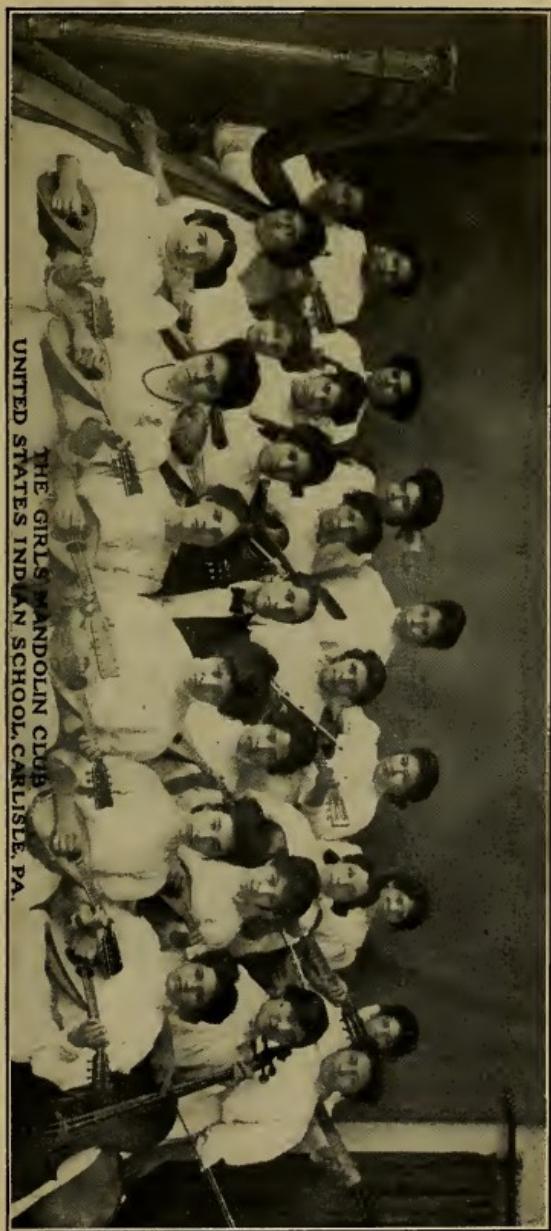


THE NEW RESERVATION

 **I**N the fortress on the Letort,
In the Kittatinny Valley,
In the Land of Teedyuscung,
In the Haven of the Wanderers,
Dwelt the Indian youth and maiden.

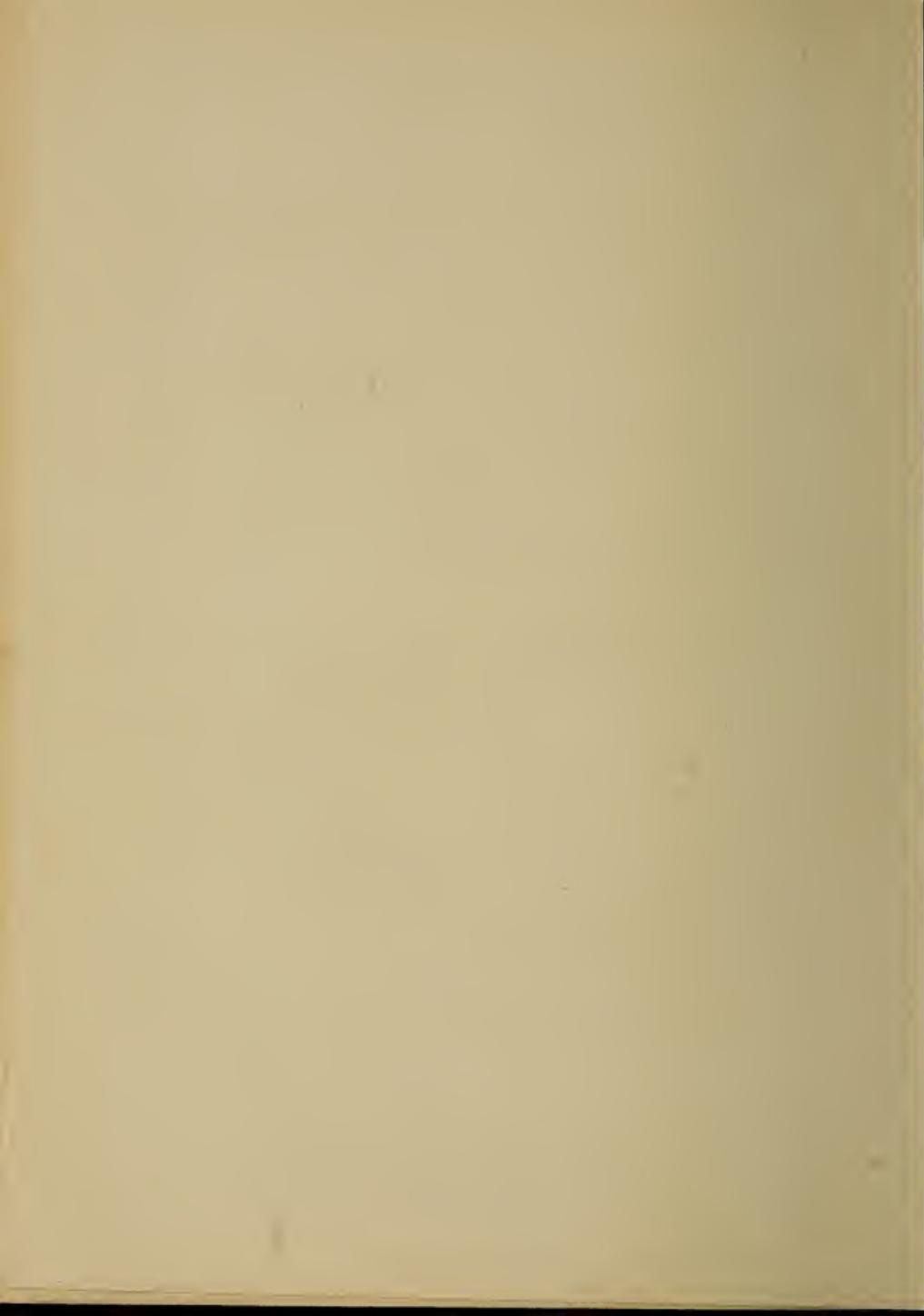
Here they laid aside their blankets
To adopt the blue regalia,
Learned the language and the customs,
Learned the White-man's "Heavenly
Father,"
Is the Warriors' "Great Spirit,"
And He rules in cot and temple
As He does in the Sierras.

Here came Indian chiefs and warriors,
Indian statesmen, Indian sages—
Came and saw the White-man's country,
Learned to follow in his footsteps,
'Though they knew that they can never



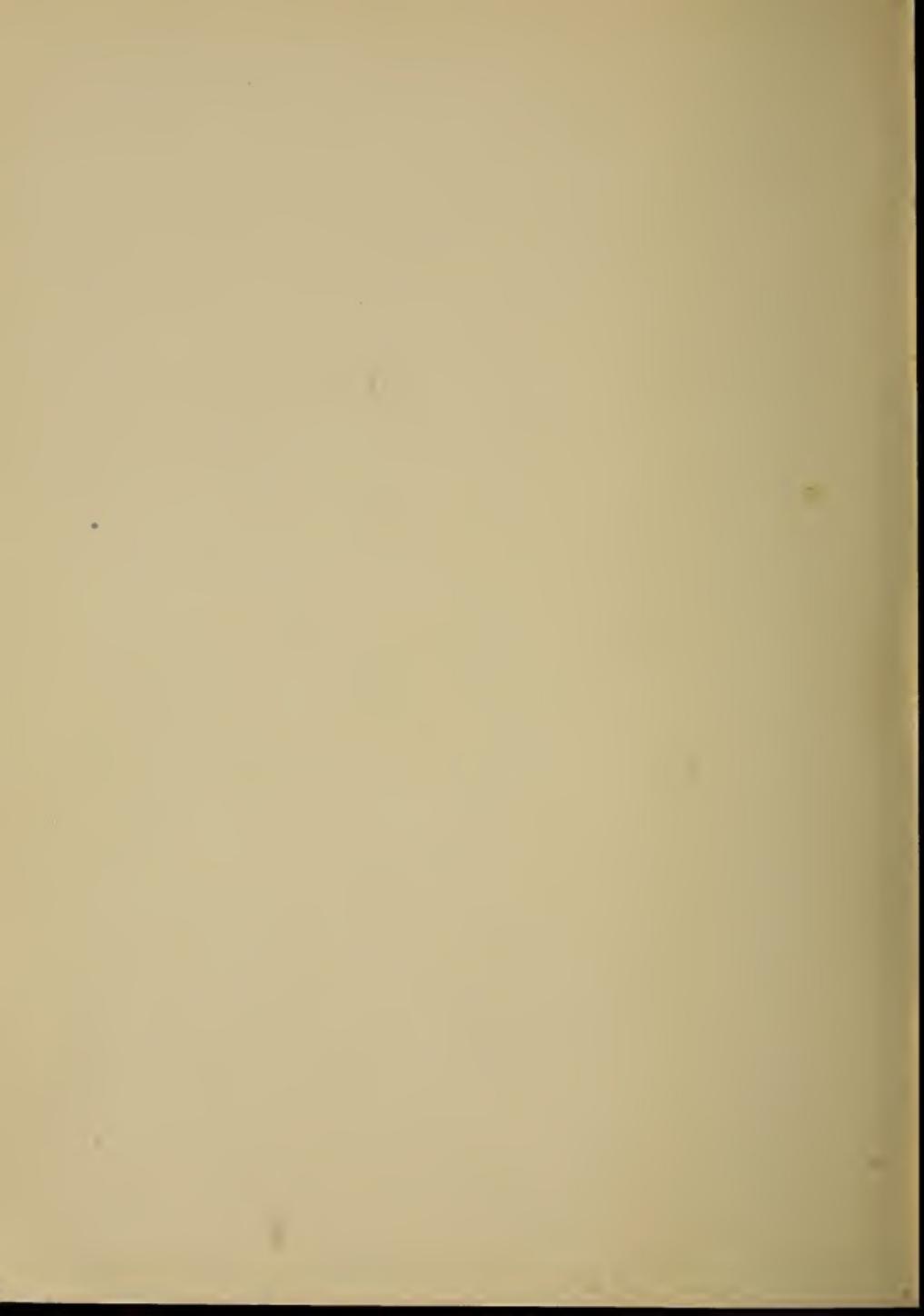
THE GIRLS MANDOLIN CLUB
UNITED STATES INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

"I learned the language and the customs." — P. 28.





GEN. O. O. HOWARD AND CHIEF JOSEPH
as they appeared at an Indian School Commencement.
"Haughty, old Nez Percez Joseph,
Took the hand of General Howard."—P. 29.



The Old Trail and the New

Find the new trail o'er the mountains,
Leading to the Happy Prairies,
But must trail through Western passes
To the Land of the Great Spirit.

Here was held the great Peace Council²⁶
When, amid resounding plaudits,
Haughty, old Nez Percez Joseph
Took the hand of General Howard,
As he did at Bear Paw mountains,
When he promised while the sun shines
He would not war with the White-man
But would live in peace as brothers.

Here they saw another fortress,
Rich in honor, old in story,
With its schools and courts and temple
Half-hid by its grove of maples,²⁷
With a monument erected²⁸
To the pioneer who traversed
Untrod plains of the Missouri,
But returned to home and kindred
To repose along the Letort.

The Old Trail and the New

Then one sturdy, old Sioux warrior,²⁹
Father of a younger Chieftain,³⁰
Turned aside to meet another
Pioneer of South Dakota,³¹
One who often had found shelter
In his wigwam on the frontier,
But returned to home and kindred
In the Kittatinny Valley.

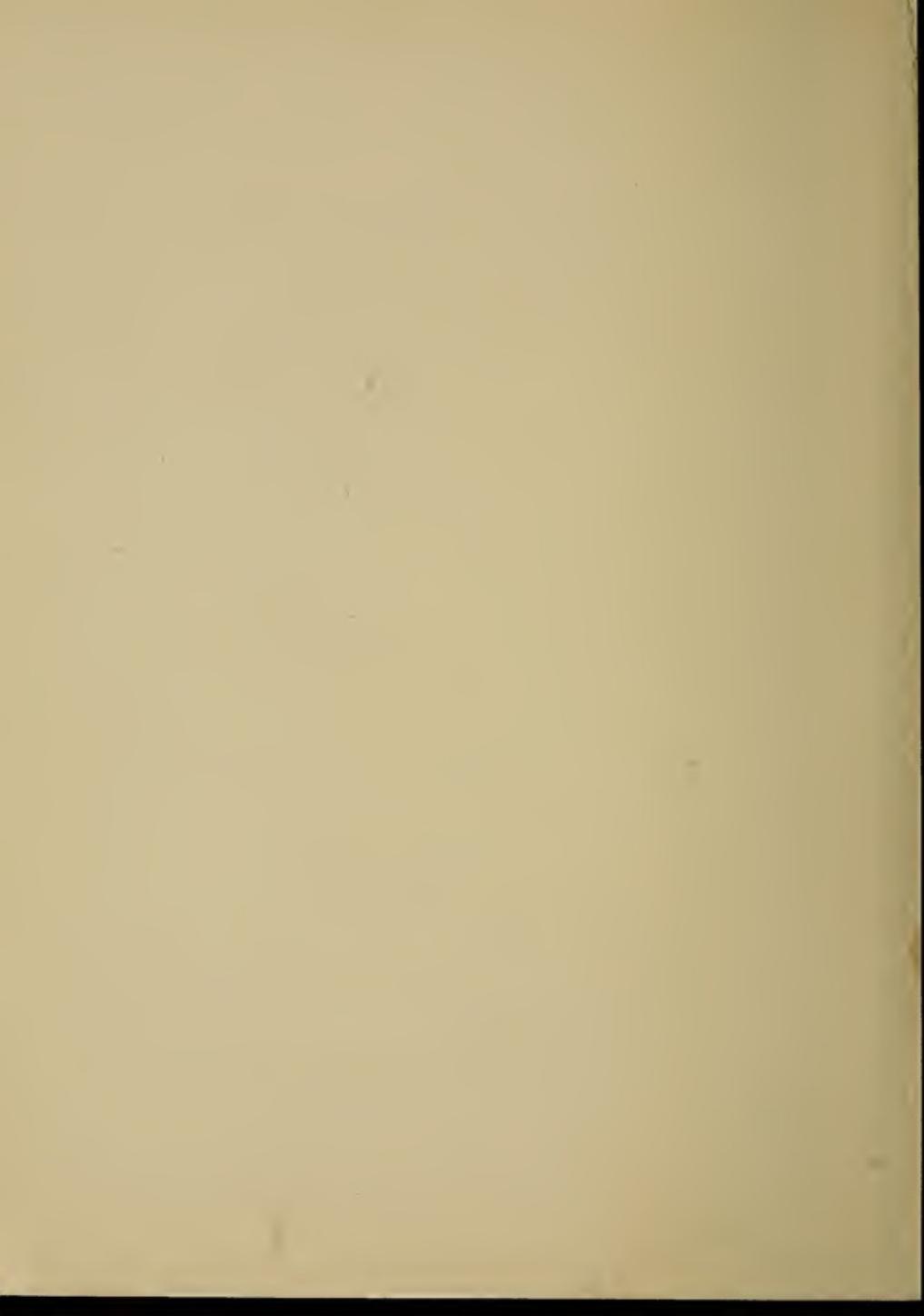
When these warriors saw their children
Toiling in the fields and workshops,
Safe and happy and contented
In the strangers' home and country,
Then they told the Great White Father
That their bow-string had been broken,
That their hand had lost its cunning.





THE MEDICINE MAN.

"Safe and happy and contented
In the strangers' home and country." — P. 30.



ON GUARD

IN that western land Doanmoe
Died as dies a youth in springtime;
In that lonely land, Winona
Guards the outpost of advancement,
Keeps the little watch-fire burning
And sends greetings to the people
Of the Kittatinny Valley.

For the Red-man still is fleeing
From the White-man's blazing altars—
Now the western mountains hide him
From the gaze of his pursuers;
But the tide that sweeps on westward,
Soon will pass beyond the mountains,
Soon will reach the western ocean.

Justice mocks our boasted conquests,
And the Mystic Hand has written
On the nation's marble palace
“Thou art weighed and art found wanting.”

The Old Trail and the New

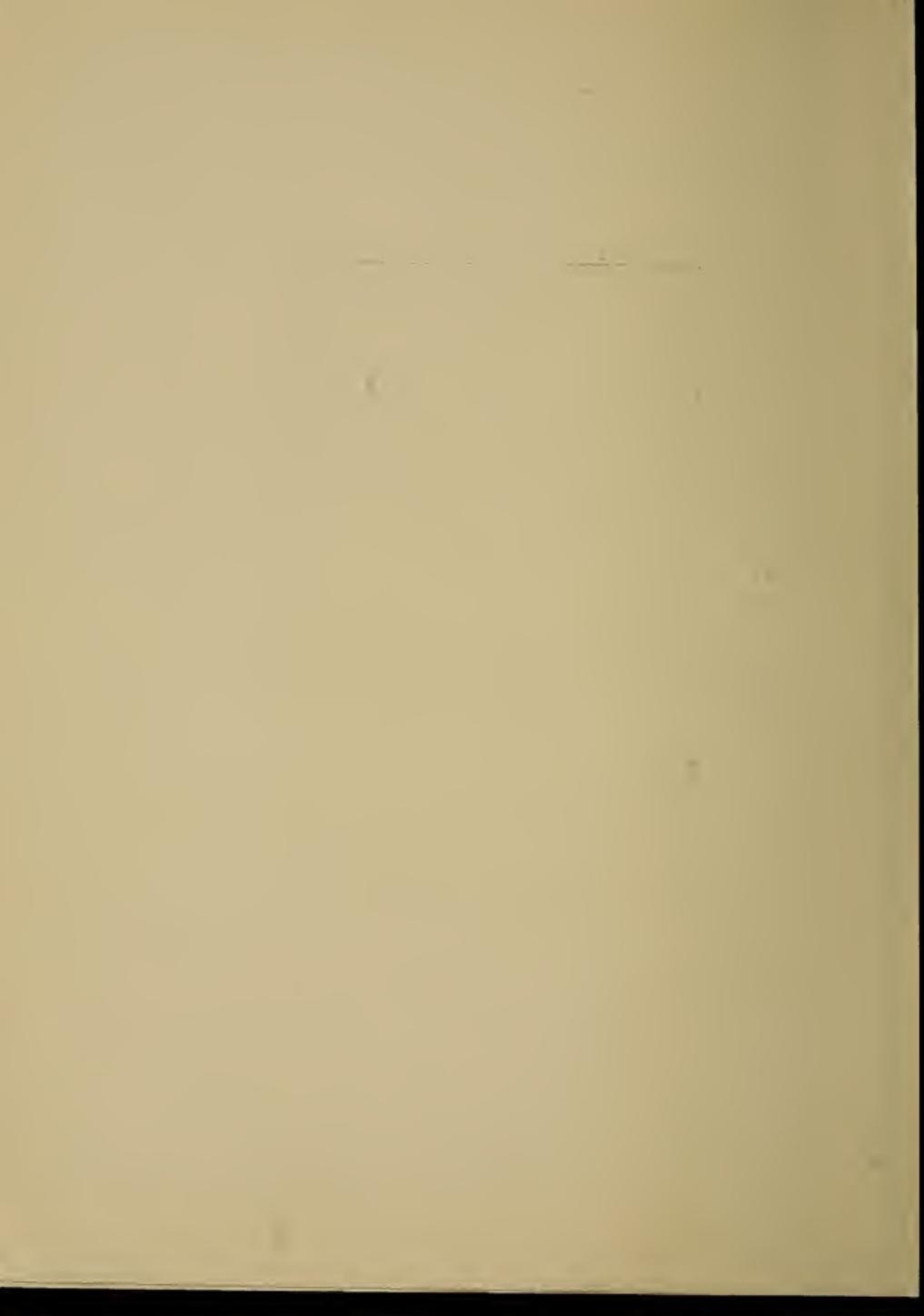
For the Red-man is the human
Left to grope in medieval twilight,
With no hand or faith to guide him;
Child of Nature, Nature's pupil,
Slow to learn, forgetting nothing;
Warrior brave but unrelenting,
Fierce in war but ever loyal,
True to friends and race and kindred,
Truer than his Pale-face brother.

If the sentries on the frontier
Can recall the fleeing warriors
To the homes which now await them,
Then a remnant of this people
May escape the White-man's conquest;
But, unless some one deals kindly
With the proud, resentful brother,
He will boldly fling defiance
In the face of his pursuers,
And a mighty Race of Wanderers
Will be lost among his mountains.



TYPICAL NEZ PERCEZ GIRL GRADUATE
in year 1908.

"Thus a Race will be uplifted."—P. 33.



The Old Trail and the New

Lo! the Hand that marks the time-chart
Of the Destiny of Nations
And the Destiny of Races,
Follows laws engraved on granite,
Deeper still on heart of mankind.
Lo! the Voice that rules the Ages
Says the nation that endureth
Shall be one which grants existence
To deserving Faiths and Peoples.
These shall not be lost nor vanquished;
For, where'er a young heart beateth,
In the Rockies, on the prairies,
There is found a young heart's longing
To be happier and better
And to cast aside the fetters
Which by birth were placed upon it;
These will leave the forest shadows
And walk forth into the sunlight,
They will clasp hands with the White-man,
They will delve in field and wood-land,
They will strike the rock-bound fountain
Of Industrial resources,

The Old Trail and the New

They will seek the founts of Learning,
They will guard the Flag which shelters:
Thus a Race will be uplifted
And a nation will be strengthened.



NOTES

1. The Nez Percez Reservation is at Fort Lapwai Idaho. This tribe formerly inhabited the fertile Wallowa valley. The government wanted to open those lands to settlement. Chief Joseph protested and finally resisted. When Generals Miles and Howard were sent to forcibly drive them upon the proposed reservation, Chief Joseph and his band started north to escape into Canada. Gen. Howard followed. The thousand mile chase was a remarkable Indian campaign, in which Chief Joseph exhibited great military skill and strategy. He was brought to bay in a mountain valley, Gen. Miles having cut off the advance northward and Gen. Howard following from the south. After a number of battles, Chief Joseph surrendered. The prisoners were taken to a reservation in Indian territory. They pined for their northern home. The government finally relented and the captives were permitted to return north, although Joseph and his followers were not allowed to join the portion of the tribe at Fort Lapwai, but were given a separate reservation. Chief Joseph was not the fierce savage that he was reputed to have been, but was peaceable and only fought as a last resort to save the homes and lives of his people. He was one of

The Old Trail and the New

the greatest and noblest of all Indian leaders and the Nez Percez have been among the most peaceable and progressive of Indian tribes.

“Winona,” “Italia” and “Doanmoe” are not Nez Percez names, and the author has used them to conceal the identity of the Carlisle Indian Graduates referred to in this narrative.

2. The “Kittatinny Valley” is the Cumberland Valley, bounded on the north by the Kittatinny or North mountain.

3. Captain Richard Henry Pratt, later promoted to Brigadier General, U. S. A., was in his earlier years an Indian fighter. He was known among the Indians as “The Speckle-faced Captain,” as his face bore the scars of small-pox. In 1875 he was ordered to take 74 Indians as prisoners in irons, to Fort Marion, St. Augustine. Fla. There he removed their irons, used some of their own number as guards and taught them in schools and workshops. The experiment was so satisfactory that at the end of their three years imprisonment, 22 of their number asked to remain east three years longer. This was the beginning of modern Indian Education. One year later the government granted the use of the Carlisle Barracks and Capt. Pratt founded the Carlisle Indian School. For more than a quarter of a century he was superintendent of the institution and made it the greatest of Indian

The Old Trail and the New

schools. He was succeeded as Superintendent by Maj. W. A. Mercer and in 1908 Moses Friedman became head of the school. Mr. Friedman greatly advanced the industrial features of the institution.

August Kensler, for many years a prominent official at the Carlisle school, met Pratt for the first time, at Cinnamon River, Indian Territory, in March, 1873, and describes him as being then "Tall and spare and with his face badly marked by small-pox scars." Pratt was then 1st Lieutenant of the Tenth Cavalry and Kensler was Sergeant of the Sixth Cavalry.

4. The cabin of Joseph Bosler, situated in the Big Bend. James W. and Joseph Bosler, brothers, of Carlisle, Pa., were the first white pioneers in South Dakota. They owned and managed a cattle ranch along the Missouri, and for many years Joseph Bosler's home was the little cabin in the Big Bend.

5. St. John, a French squaw-man, whose cabin was near that of Joseph Bosler. For years, these two cabins were the only habitations within a radius of fifty miles. St. John was a St. Louis lad who ran away from home while a mere boy and went among the Indian traders. He was twice married, both wives being Indians. He was the agent of Pierre Chouteau, of St. Louis, who was then the richest man west of the Mississippi. St.

The Old Trail and the New

John continued to live in his old cabin and died there in 1904, a quarter of a century after the incidents referred to in the text.

6. The Indians named Gen. George A. Custer "The Chief with the Yellow Hair", on account of his long golden hair. After the massacre it was learned that all the bodies except that of Custer had been mutilated by the Indians.

Capt. George Yates, of Carlisle, was among those killed in that battle.

Jonathan Williams Biddle, in whose honor the Biddle Memorial chapel, Carlisle, Pa., is so named, was killed in battle with the Indians in 1877.

7. Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Percez surrendered to Generals Nelson A. Miles and O. O. Howard, at Bear Paw mountain, in 1877.

8. Chief Dull Knife and his Northern Cheyennes, after a fierce and bloody campaign, were driven to the sand-hills of the Niobrara. It is the only Indian campaign which resulted in the complete destruction of a tribe.

9. Capt. Pratt was then at Fort Marion, Fla. The first news of Custer's battle was brought by one of his prisoners, a Northern Cheyenne who had received a picture-letter from a Cheyenne in the Northwest. The pictures were scrawled upon the back of a government document, but the Indian

The Old Trail and the New

deciphered the news and all the details of the battle. Capt. Pratt gave the letter to Gen. Phil Sheridan, then in command of that department and it was placed among the archives at Washington.

10. The Sioux had escaped into British territory. That was in 1876, when the Centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was being celebrated in Philadelphia. The government induced the Sioux to return and occupy a reservation. The Surrender of Sitting Bull is described by an eyewitness as extremely sad. Here were Indians with their squaws and papooses, their ponies, rude carts with block wheels, drags made of saplings bound together with thongs, harness made of raw-hide, wigwams and camp equipment all of the rudest. It was the ingenuity of the native, in strong contrast with the products of Civilization as exhibited in Philadelphia.

10. Teedyuscung, Chief of the Delawares, the friendly Indian of the days of Penn, He was the Chief Joseph of his time.

11. Another name for the Callapassinck or Yellow Breeches creek. The Shawnee reservation was in the eastern end of Cumberland county and their early village was where the Yellow Breeches empties into the Susquehanna River, now the sites of New Cumberland and Bella Vista. J. Zeamer,

The Old Trail and the New

a local historian, regrets that the original name, "Shawnee Creek," has not been retained.

The white farm buildings on the summit of the Kittatinneys near Sterretts Gap, are said to be near the site of an early Shawnee village. The farm is now the summer residence of Ex-Collector R. E. Shearer.

*One of the early forges was located several hundred yards below the Lisburn Bridge. In 1865 all that marked the site were the sills in the creek and the cinder along the banks. The smithy, the blacksmith shop of Joshua Gher, then occupied the site and a new forge, owned and managed by Henry G., Moser and Israel L. Boyer, had been located a mile further down the stream. Now the smithy and the second forge have disappeared.

13. The Indian Rock, on which the Indians sharpened their tomahawks, is on Lantz's Mountain, along the Yellow Breeches, near Lisburn. The mountain is owned by Harry B. McCormick, Esq., of Harrisburg, and has become the site of his fine country residence.

14. The Indian graveyard near Eberly's Mills. Along the bank of the creek is the workshop of Daniel Drawbaugh, inventor of the Telephone and chief contestant against the claims of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell for the patent on that invention. See the booklet entitled "The Calla-pa Scink" by

The Old Trail and the New

John R. Miller, Esq., and Dr. Wm. B. Bigler's poem bearing the same title.

Drawbaugh conducted experiments in wireless telegraphy using the waters of the creek as a medium. From the time when the Shawnee Indians roamed these hills, to the time when Drawbaugh began his experiments was but little more than a century.

16. Hugh Gibson, great-grandfather of Rev. George Norcross, D. D., for forty-years pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, Carlisle. As Dr. Norcross' mother was left an orphan, at an early age, most of her youth was spent in the home of Hugh Gibson, her grandfather.

17 Exodus 12-13.

18 James LeTort, the first settler at Carlisle, built his cabin at Beaver Pond now Bonny Brook, about the year 1720.

19 The trail from the north, across the mountains at Sterrett's Gap and through the South Mountains at Holly Gap.

20 The trail from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, the "King's Highway", later the Harrisburg and Carlisle turnpike.

21 Five houses which comprised the early settlement at Fort Louther, now Carlisle, Pa.

22. History says a mother sang "Alone, yet not

The Old Trail and the New

alone am I" and her long lost daughter who, as a child, had heard that hymn as a lull-a-bye, rushed into the mother's arms.

23. The Guard-house at the Carlisle Barracks, formerly a military magazine, tradition says was built by the Hessians whom Washington captured at Trenton. "See Carlisle Old and New" pages 13 and 14.

24. It was a custom at the Carlisle Barracks to fire a cannon as a sunset signal.

25. The Indians call the President the "Great Father".

26. An incident which occurred at one of the Indian School commencements.

27. Dickinson College. Some Indian School graduates became students at Dickinson.

28. James W. Bosler Memorial Hall at Dickinson College.

29. Chief American Horse.

30. Young American Horse, one of the Indian School's prominent graduates.

31. When on the frontier, Joseph Bosler frequently slept in the wigwam of the elder American Horse and when the old chief came to visit his son at the Carlisle school, he called upon Mr. Bosler, as an old time friend.

While Gettysburg is termed the "High Tide of the Rebellion" because of the decisive battle fought

The Old Trail and the New

there, the "High Water Mark of the Rebellion" was Oyster's Point near Camp Hill. See address of C. S. Brinton, Esq., at Camp Hill, 1909.

In a general way it may be said that the war against the Sioux was conducted chiefly by Gen. Alfred Sully, who had been sent west for that purpose. He led three campaigns against the Sioux: in 1863, 1864 and 1865, and these did much toward bringing those nine warlike tribes into submission. During these three campaigns the Bosler Brothers had the contract for furnishing supplies to Sully's army and Joseph Bosler was required to distribute the supplies. He followed the troops for thousands of miles.

It was during Sully's war against the Sioux that a great drouth devastated the Sioux country. There was no rain for six months, the Indians' corn crop in the Missouri bottom lands was drying up and water was so scarce that on one occasion Sully's troops, dug a shallow well, struck water and sold the water for fifty cents a tin-full. Mr. Bosler was one who gladly paid a half dollar for a half-tin of muddy water from the well.

When Gen. Sully reached Fort Berthold, a number of old Sioux chiefs visited him, complained that the drought was killing their corn and that their families were threatened with starvation. They asked him to send them rain. Sully had dealt

The Old Trail and the New

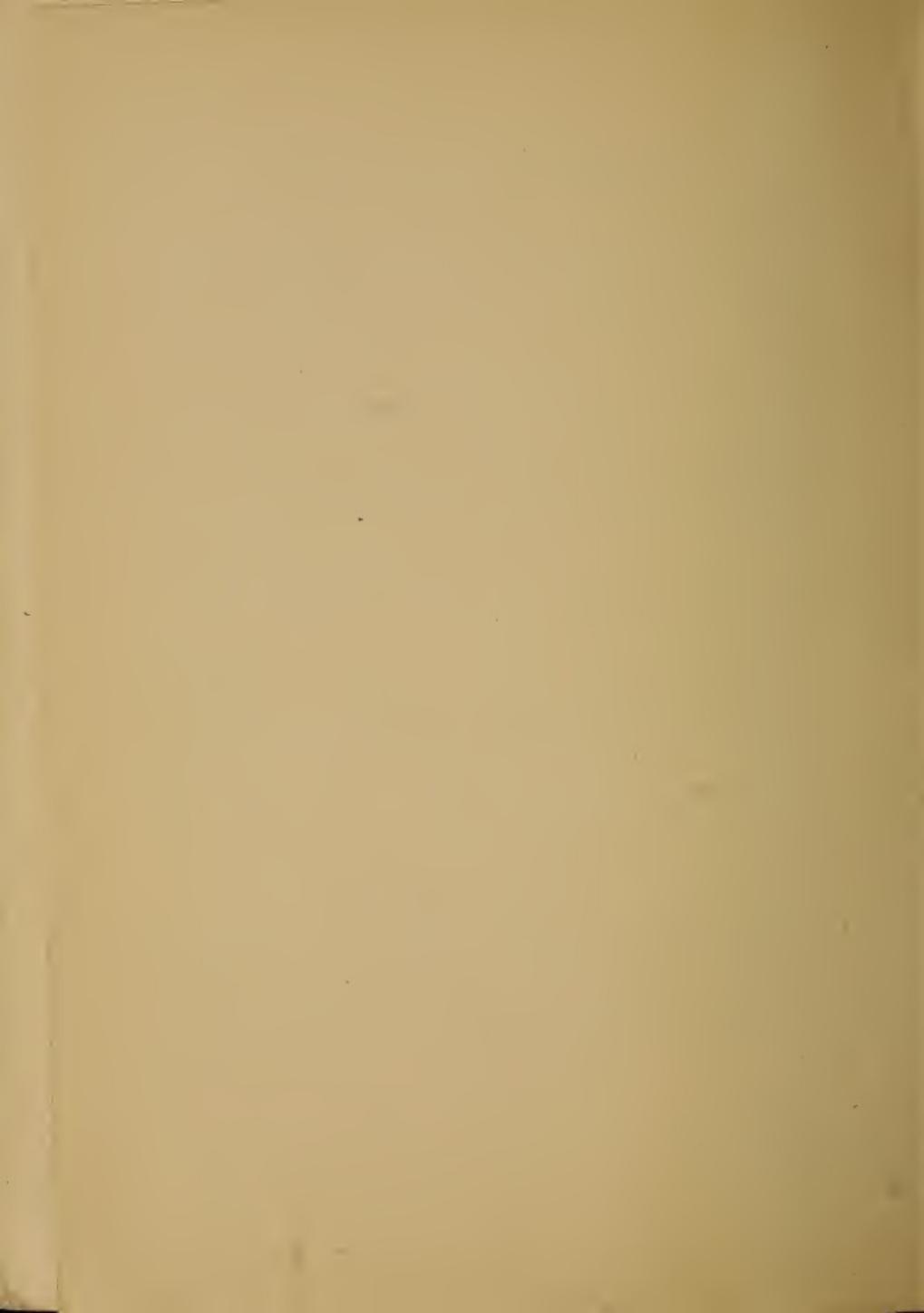
with Indians in his earlier years and knew how to answer the superstitious natives. He promised to do the very best for them he could and they left his tent encouraged. That night a heavy rain visited that section, the Indians' corn-crop was saved and Sully received the credit. That tribe at once sent out couriers to recall their young warriors who had gone to join another tribe which was on the war-path, and the argument used with the young braves was that "It was useless to fight against a man who could bring rain." All the young warriors returned.

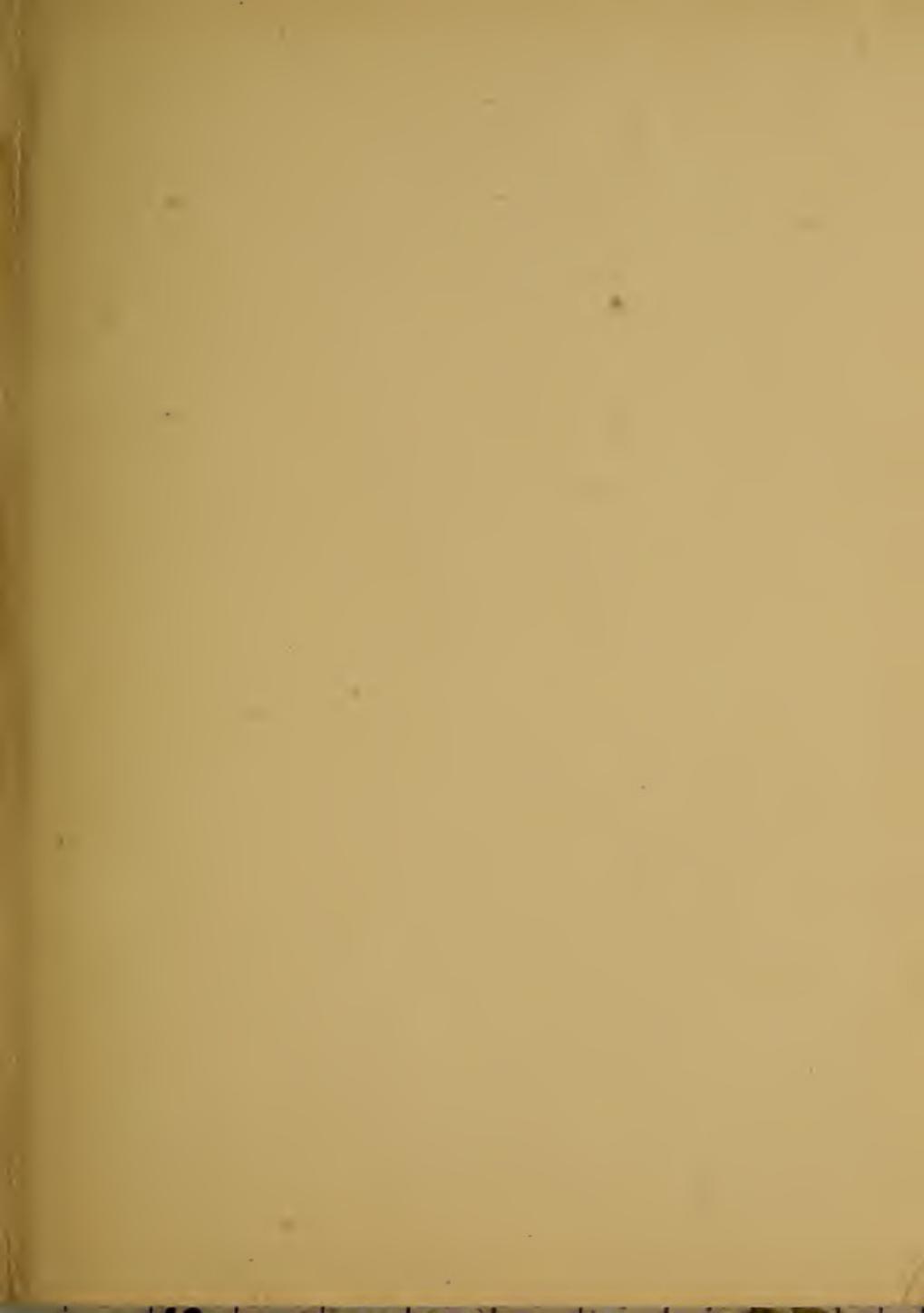
The surrender of the Sioux in 1876 took place at the Cheyenne agency and was witnessed by Joseph Bosler.

Choteau Avenue, St. Louis, is named after Pierre Choteau; Fort Sully is so named in honor of General Sully, and Pierre, the capital of South Dakota, has its Bosler, Herman and Lemon streets, named by Mr. Bosler when the city was laid out, the names being those of himself, his mother and his wife.

Due acknowledgment is made of courtesies extended by E. K. Miller and E. E. Strong, of the Carlisle Indian School, by County Commissioners J. E. Hertzler, S. L. Eppley and William Martin and by F. C. McKee and C. T. Smith, of the American Volunteer.







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